

POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649199662

Poems by Frank Butler

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FRANK BUTLER

POEMS

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Elbridge Jefferson Author

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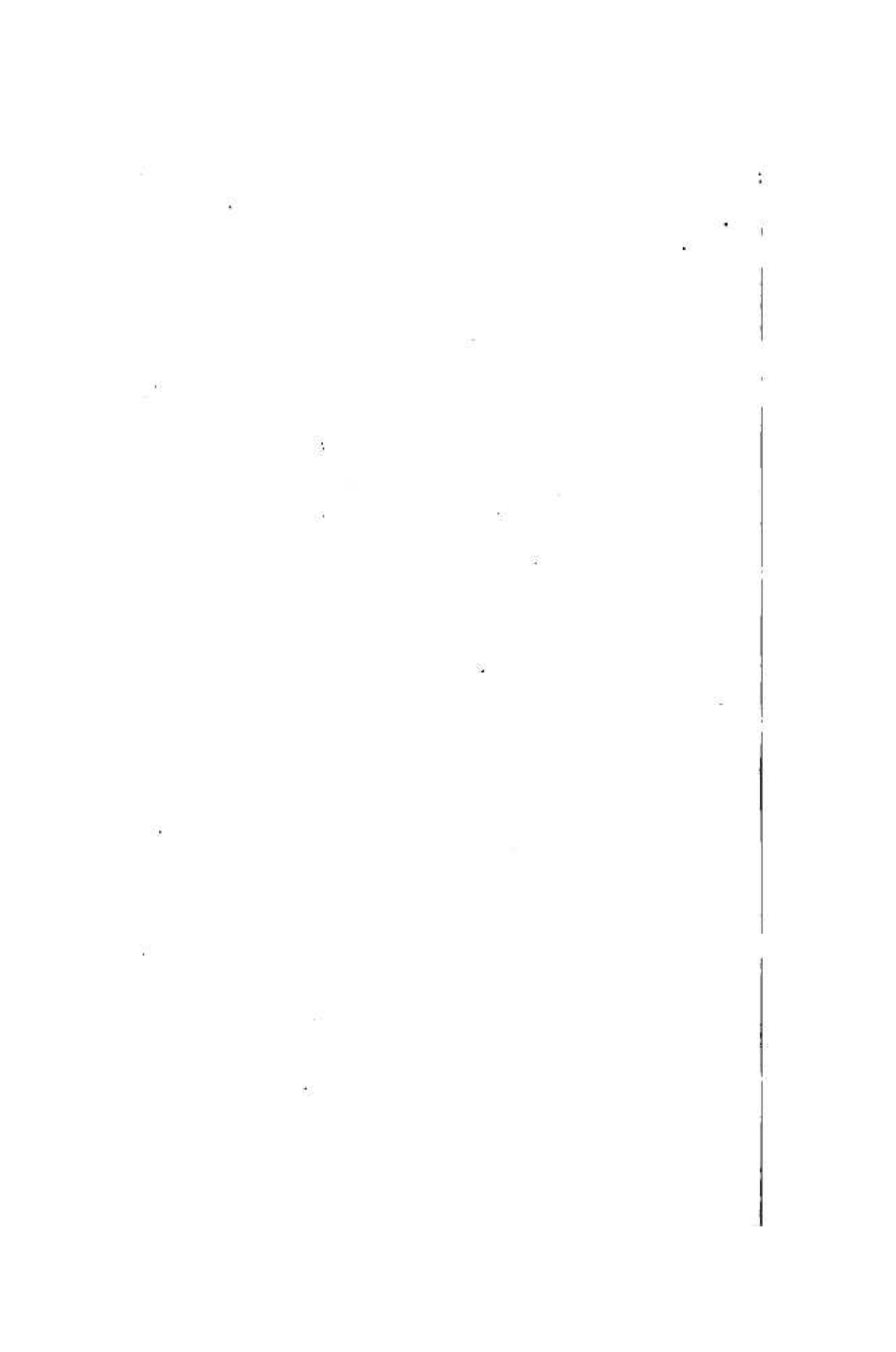
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BAKER & GODWIN, PRINTERS,
No. 1 Spruce Street, N. Y.

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POEMS.

THE BROOK.

SOMEWHERE there is a sea;
I hear it, every turn;
But where its waters be
I cannot stop to learn.

So, through the sylvan scene,
I murmur as I go;
I keep the mosses green,
And help the lilies blow.

The rushes made a net
They thought I could not pass,
With sticks and mosses set,
And woven in with grass.

I passed them one by one;
They guessed not my intent;
It was so slyly done,
I tittered as I went.

THE THRUSH.

I sing from spray to spray,

I love my little mate;

And if the buds delay

I only have to wait;

For rain is sure to fall

To nourish grass and bush,

And God, who thinks of all,

Will not forget the thrush.

So I have nought to do

But just to build my nest,

And, all the season through,

To work and sing my best;